

CONSUL SKIDDY'S DILEMMA

The students of the International Correspondence Schools have organized an I. C. S. Fraternity, branches of which are now located in several of the large cities throughout the United States and Canada.

The object of this fraternity is so worthy, practicable and desirable that the students of Salt Lake City, and vicinity, have immediately organized a chapter in Salt Lake City. Therefore application was made for a dispensation, and such dispensation lists is now being received by the International Correspondence Schools representative, Mr. A. E. Nelsen, and George A. Done at T-S West Second South, or Div. Sup't R. T. PETTY.

This fraternity, from all indications has the brightest future of any organization that perhaps has ever been launched in this or any other country. It is based on practicable lines with an educational course leading to various degrees which will only be conferred according to the amount of study the student has done in his course.

Lectures will be given on lessons, lectures, technical subjects, and topics on general culture.

It will be a secret fraternity composed of all white male students over twenty-one years of age who reside in Salt Lake City and vicinity is invited to join this fraternity and call at the office of the representative above given to sign the dispensation list.

A department in the insurance department in which the members may receive accident and life insurance at a very small rate.

It is intended that each chapter will have a library wherein they will have a library and a place for them to study, if they so desire. The local registrar of each chapter will look after employment and promotion of its members. It will be his duty to keep in touch with the manufacturers and pre-

pared to furnish manufacturers with the best grade of workmen.

Of course, he does not have to join any first meeting will not cost him anything as it will cost later on, pay however every student of the International Correspondence Schools Salt Lake and vicinity will call at the local office and register himself on the dispensation list, and receive further information. He may desire joining the fraternity. His designation will be international. This organization is now open over a year and thousands of graduates of the I. C. S. and this number is increasing about a year, so that you can see that it fulfills the possibilities of one of the earth built upon reasonable lines of men who desire to improve their condition in life.

In some cities where this organization took place there has been as many as 500 students signed on the dispensation list, and the first month of organization was in existence the dispensation list numbered in the thousands. In fact, a member of this fraternity in one town will know another the world over, and he will be entitled to the same consideration wherever he goes, and he will be able to do as he would in his own state.

A pamphlet may be seen at the district office giving the preamble, the organization and other details. If requested to call on the entirest possible time, you will receive a copy of this pamphlet, and you will find information which they may desire regarding the Fraternity. We are planning to hold our next meeting May 1908, at the K. of P. hall in St. Paul, Minn., at 8 p. m. All students are invited.

(Signed) A. E. NELSEN,
GEO. A. DONE, JR.
R. T. PETTY, Div. Sup't.

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A black and white portrait of a man with a mustache, wearing a wide-brimmed hat and a suit with a tie. The image is framed by a dark border.

IF ALL WHO ARE IN NEED OF A SPECIALIST WILL CALL ON ME
FIRST YOU WILL NOT HAVE SO MANY DOCTOR BILLS TO PAY.

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AFTER 45 years' study of nature and her laws along special lines, my superior advantages and ability go without saying, and I am hesitatingly declare, and my unparalleled record as a successful specialist in private diseases of men backs up my claim that now men have been cured by me of **Varicose, Hydrocele, Nervo-Sexual Debility, Blood Poison and Reflex Disorders** within the last 35 years that by any specialists in the United States combined. This fact is self-evident and indisputable, and, with my rates more reasonable and treatment more successful, you do wrong to experiment with concerns whose methods are being frequently changed, and whose doctors are the scrambling together of transient and defunct concerns.

Courtesy demands that we mention no names in a newspaper, but if you come to my office I can furnish some valuable information, with the proofs so conclusive that you will not regard them as selfish arguments.

NERVO-SEXUAL DEBILITY CURED and will forfeit \$500 for any case taken under his treatment which he fails to cure if directions are followed. All cases of piles cured. Liver and Kidney complaints cured. All classes of fits cured. Office Hours: 10 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m. Please send for a list of questions to

DR. C. W. HIGGINS
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

"I ARREST YOU IN THE NAME OF THE UNITED STATES."

that Satterlee should thus have singled him out. His gratitude was unbounded. He felt both humble and elated. His cup was overflowing over.

Let his gratitude be counted against him. After all, he was not the only addressee of the letter. The letter was to Satterlee, honored by the chief justice and the rest of his brother officials; publicly to the chief justice, and privately to the company, called to the bosom of both the missionary denominations? Was not all this a compliment to Satterlee, as a man, a nationality, acclaiming Satterlee to the skies, and vying among themselves for the honor of being the first to greet him? Indeed, were there so many peoples, so many parties, such a constant succession of new arrivals, that the chief justice, being was galvanized into action and, to the surprise of every one, gave a sort of banquet, and, in the presence of the guest of honor, and received the second lava cup. A half-caste couple, who became the first to greet him, were arranging into social prominence by getting married under the direct patronage of the chief justice, and the chief justice was visiting list all the rank, fashion and

It was a hellish month. There was an event for almost every night of it. The strain on the half-caste band was awful. They were playing all night long, every night and day. Of a morning you couldn't find a lady on a front veranda who would not be ready to go to the bathing and cutting out. And the men? Why, in the actual whirl few of them had any time to sleep. The only thing a command's soda water was unprecedented.

As the time began to draw near for the monthly mail from San Francisco, the men got very nervous. They were fully of leaving. He gave a great P. P. C. bargain day on board the Southern Belle, and got a great deal of business. He served to all comers and goods changing hands at astonishing prices: coal oil at \$1.48; turkey-red cotton at 6 cents a yard; square face at 20 cents a bottle, and similar things. He was a great success. There was no custom house in those days and you were free to carry everything you wanted. He had a hundred or eighty rooms made up, he had landed all around the beach, and the pandemonium at the gangway, the crush and jostle, the coming and going of goods, the bringing out of fresh merchandise from the store hold made a very passable South Sea scene. He was a great success.

At any rate, there was the same loss of temper, the same harassed excitement, the same difficulty of getting cash, and the same difficulty in getting change. As like as not you had to take it—the same old story. You had to be quick, even, or anything small and handy that happened to be near by. It was the rule, the law, the order of the day. You were pressed, and the captain carried it off in a brisk, snaking way, as though it was only a joke. He was a good fellow and he was only doing it all for fun.

Unfortunate captain! Unhappy destiny that brought in the mail under two days' delay! The captain's anxiety and uncertainty that roused their baseness in the sunshine of woman's favor instead of on the gloom of adversity, was the cause of the mail! Skiddy put forth in his conular boat, intercepting the cutter in the passage of the harbor, and he had the official government bag. The proximity of the Southern Belle and the likelihood of her being captured by the cutter, induced him to board the ship and open the bag on her quarterdeck. One stout, blue and important-looking letter at once caught his eye. It was a letter from a blue and important-looking letter and—

There were no white men in the crew or on the shore. The only white man was Rotumbah boy, with the exception of Ah Fong, the Chinese cook. This amiable European was a native of the island, and he was when he was suddenly startled by the apparition of Skiddy at the gallery above. He was a stout, blue and important-looking man, and there was something fierce and authoritative in his look.

"What do you want?" he asked abruptly. "I want to talk to you!"

The Chinaman followed him aft. He had a pale, green face, and his hair was coming. That was why he was worn up with \$200 in hard cash together with a small quantity of goods and a few dollars. He began to cry, and in five minutes had blurted out the whole thing. Self-possessed, he stood up and he had, besides, some dim conception of the conception. Skiddy made him the conception and promised him immunity if he would make a clean breast of it.

the Chinaman, the fourth did in his labor, and pigskin. The good part of it was in comprehensible, but he established certain main facts and confirmed the stoutest of the old tales. The first of the three came off on a shore boat, pulling like mad, and then started up the ladder at the top by Skiddy—not Skiddy his friend, but Skiddy the arm of the law, the law of the United States, the law of the avenger, with Senko, his towering oak standing square behind him.

"John Forester," he said, "alias Satterlee, was a scoundrel, a scoundrel of the United States, on the charge of having committed the crime of bribery, and warn you that anything you say now will be taken as an admission."

It was a horrible thing to say—to be forced to say—and no sense of public duty could make it less than detestable. Skiddy's face was ashen, and his eyes showed the brutality of them appalled him. Remember, this was his friend, his hero, the man who had saved him from the gallows, who had been everything to him. Satterlee gave him a quick, blank, blanky look, and went forward with an attempted return to his usual confident air. He professed to be unshaken, but the old man saw that he was the victim of a dreadful mistake; he tried, with a ghastly smile, to reassure his old dominion, calling "Skiddy" and "Senko" by name, and then, in a hoarse voice, and wanting to take him below to talk it over. But the little consul would not listen to him. He must take his course. He was sorry, terribly sorry, but as an officer of the United States

Saterlee preceded him into the boat. The council followed and took the yoke lines. They were both dejected, and Saterlee was in a bad way. There was a mournful pull ashore, and tragedy in the retrospect. A silence lay between them as they ascended the steps of the council of the captain's humiliation, though they knew not the cause, felt the same. Yes, funeral pull, and it was a relief to everyone when at last they grounded the boat.

Sidley had a busy day of it. Leaving the captain at the consulate under guard and sending him to the stockade, he was left with ten warriors armed with rifles and axes to take charge of the southern line, and he drove the boat ashore to make arrangements to meet the painful situation. Single-handed he had to rear the structure of a whole judicial system, a clerk of court, four assessors, judge and a jail. His first assessor was a young man, Uka, from the Motootua road, the residence of Mr. Seoville. Physically a goodly, unwashed specimen of the half of the Samoan race, Mr. Pung was forthwith retained by the king to be the assessor of the prisoners of the case left in his hands. Sidney never sought out Mr. Thatcher, the other assessor, but he was not far from the friend the prisoner. Then he built a jail, and found to his consideration of jails, of

The municipal jail was a two-roomed wooden shed, sparsely furnished with a few benches and a few tables. It was the incarceration of Capt. Saterlee in such a hovel, the little council passed on, and the king and his council went to government held away. The jail here was on a more pretentious scale. It consisted of a rectangular building, about 100 feet formed by four eight-foot walls of galvanized iron and containing within a small square of the same material. A shipwrecked seaman might build on a desert island, in fact, that was just about the best that could be made of the material as the real article. Owing to financial stringency, the Samoan Government was unable to build a better one, and for both these reasons might well be described as castaways. These unfortunate prisoners were not allowed to leave the visit, employing a very laudable leisure on the improvement of the roads; and the king, who was a very good king, and at all had it not been for the king, who, on being appealed to, was obliging enough to let them go.

Sidley stood and regarded the place with an immense depression. It would have been a better place than the cattle pen. He was about to turn away when the two Scanlons appeared on the beach. He was glad to see them, and out a job. The Scanlons were burly, husky, of a muddy, sweaty complexion,

were distinctly above the average. The Scanlon brothers, to be one in a difficult position, could be relied upon as pillars of strength. There was nothing a Scanlon could not do. They had a combined net worth of \$2.50 a day. Mind and muscle were by no means—Scanlon mind and muscle—for this reason. They were not only a family in counsel, in his headquarters, welcomed the stout, bristly-haired pair as though they were old friends.

In late time Gian it takes to write Alfred Scanlon was appointed a Colton Marshal. Alfred Scanlon as assistant. The State made a special arrangement was made with them to take full charge of Capt. Salterio during his absence. The Scanlons were to have his meals served from the International hotel and, while carefully supervised, were to be treated "as if they were" throughout.

Under the law of the United States, a man who has been convicted and imprisoned once is a prisoner is innocent until he is actually convicted. It was not until he was actually convicted that I want both of you to remember that.

The Scanlons didn't understand a word of what he said, but they smiled and nodded. They had been told that they bought a Scanlon you got a lot for your money, including a profound gravity when you add to it the fact that the Scanlon way of recognizing that you were

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There were 25 American citizens on the liner, most of them young and well-mixed, and above 21 years of age. Four of them lived far from Alpha and were known deserters from the United States Navy, were considered unworthy of the honor of being on the ship. Their identification papers threw our another die. This reduced the residuum to 16, whose names were written on a slip of paper and thrown into a pith helmet and tumbled together. The first four withdrawn could not be identified, and the next four were at once warned by messenger to be in attendance at the consulate at 10 the next morning, or be punished for contempt.

that not a penny of compensation would be paid. The men were to be paid what a rubbing of marks took place, what a breaking up of tell-tale cases, and a soaking in the sea. About 80 tons disappeared like magic, and you could not find a soul who would even admit that it had happened.

The trial took place in the large room of the consulate. The big front door was open to the sea, and the breakers tossed and tumbled on the barrier reef. The back door was kept closed, and the men were kept in domesticity, but at intervals in the course of the trial you could hear the deliberate clucking of the chickens, the clucking of consular chickens; the counting of the consular wash; shrill arguments over the question of the value of the evidence that seemed to make a mock of the whole proceedings.

There were a few well-starched white clothes and pipe-clayed waders, sat on a dish beneath the crossed flags of his country, and a few pieces of the faded and patriotic war-work. Below him were two or three assessors, sunburned, comfortable-looking men, with enormous hands. They did not know what to do with, moved uneasily in their chairs, and looked at the judge with a certain admiration and awe for One whose brow, arms and legs extended the shrunken sleeves of his official robe, and whose legs extended the tattooed tunic of a baked mummy. A table stood in the center of the room, and on it lay a few pieces of paper—Purdy, the goat-haired, rummy, elderly man, half-blind, sharp-tooled, rasping, and a young man, who looked like a sly, sleek, mean-looking young man, was appointed to have left New Zealand with a few dollars, and a few pieces of cheap lawyer's clerk, of the pinched, hungry variety one sees in gloomy ante-chambers. At the head of the table sat the judge, the everlasting dictator, his black whiskers drooping in the heat, his eyes staring, his hands, at times, making a break on the clucking paper. There the captain, the cause of all this, sat, his head bowed, his hands clasped in prayer, or occasionally raising his white hair into his counsel's ear—sparring with the assessor—when his stern, moral and resolute eye would flash upon him and in him refused to be cowed by such dross

Beside the front door was a shabby basket-work sofa, where members of the public were entitled to sit. They waited for the trial to begin, and waited so patiently, as though expecting to be paid on stiff, the holder once perhaps exasperated, was a woman, tall, thin, and silent, and trembling if they caught an official eye. Outside, on the steps of the house, a crowd of men, some in uniform and slouched, with pewee stars on the sweaty breasts, enjoying the deep comfort of chairs that came with two dollars and fifty cents.

The trial lasted two days, but judgment was held over for the third. The judge said that the defendant, a San Francisco attorney properly made out by competent hands (was confirmed by the jury) was a man of good character (Charles Satterlee) was the only present member of the original crew. Satterlee said his lame defense that he had not been charged with the crime, and that the charge was therefore not a criminal one. He swore, and gave evidence accordingly. The jury said he was a man of good character without a leg to stand on. He cut a pitiful figure as he floundered and the judge said that he was a man of good character that relentless tongue, nailing him over deeper with explanations that set the jury on their feet, and the judge said "conspiracy" was an object it was to ruin him. No, the only thing to be considered was the degree of punishment that would adequately offset the crime.

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